

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Contents

EDITORIAL.	PAGE.
Notes.....	289
The Books of 1893.....	290
William J. Potter.....	291
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
John C. Learned (verse), by F. L. HOSMER; The Thought Divine (verse), by HARRIET H. SINNARD; What We May Learn from the Artist; By the Way, by S. H. M.....	293
CORRESPONDENCE.	
The Iowa Conference, by THE OFFICERS; Kansas Labor Bureau, by H. T. G.....	294
THE STUDY TABLE.	
A Primer of Philosophy; The Making of a Newspaper.....	294
Other Books—Poems Here at Home. Amber Beads, Mary, The Home, Some Things That Children Should Know; The Magazines; The Newest Books....	295
CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.	
The Dream of Religious Unity, by REV. JOHN E. ROBERTS.....	296
THE HOME.	
Helps to High Living (E. Harrison); Jesus' Christmas in 1893 (verse); The Mot-suyama Mirror.....	298
The Reason Why.....	299
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.	
The Invisible Companion (Lesson XVIII. of The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion), by REV. W. W. FENN.....	299
Sunday School Items.....	300
NOTES FROM THE FIELD.....	301
PUBLISHER'S NOTES.	
What They Say About "The Chorus of Faith".....	302
ANNOUNCEMENTS.....	303

Editorial

*Still glides the stream, and shall forever
glide;
The Form remains, the Function never
dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the
wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish—Be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands
have power
To live, and act, and serve the future
hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.*
—Wordsworth.

PROFESSOR ALBION W. SMALL was greeted with a good audience at All Souls Church last Sunday night to listen to the first lecture in his course on Sociology. It was as good a sermon as lecture; a better lecture because a sermon. We hope more churches will try to use their Sunday evenings for the education of the people in the living questions of the day.

ONE of the results for the city of Chicago of the new University of Chicago is already apparent in the many University Extension courses offered. For the winter quarter some eighteen regular "class" courses are offered, including courses in psychology, political economy, civil government, modern history, Latin, German, French, literature, rhetoric and composition, public reading, mathematics, physics, astronomy, chemistry, geology, zoology, and botany. These are largely designed for teachers and other earnest students. In addition to these there are several lecture courses in the city already arranged for, including one to which we recently referred by President Harper, and the one on Social Science, at All Souls Church, by Head Professor Small.

WE cheerfully print in another column a correction from the officers of the Iowa Unitarian Conference. Not being present at the session we mistook the action of the Executive Committee for that of the Conference itself, and put a prospective inflection to what was technically only retrospective. The comment we made still stands in our judgment, and it is in accord with the spirit and temper of the Iowa work from its beginning as we understand it; the doing of their own work in their own way. We repeat the words in our editorial note of November 23d: "This is the first condition of power. And the sooner the other States in the West shall follow their example

the sooner they will find the work growing on their hands."

WE print this week in our sermon department another prophecy. Another call of the spirit to religious unity. Mr. Roberts calls it a "dream," but it is more than a dream. It is beginning to be contemporary history. There are now churches that practically confess the unrimmed life so clearly stated and so eloquently urged. We hope our readers will give this sermon wide publicity, read it, lend it, send it, and then send for more. We wish it might be made into a little leaflet of envelope size, that it might borrow the wings of the personal correspondence of many of our readers. But there are so many of these things we want to do, and we have so little to do with, and so few to do it. When will the believers in the "Free Church of Humanity" begin to sacrifice for it? The age of prophecy is well nigh at an end. The age of action must soon set in.

AFTER eight years of diligent work the Rev. T. G. Milsted has severed his connection with Unity Church, Chicago. Mr. Milsted came to Chicago a young man, single and practically untried. He came to a pulpit made large and difficult by the creations of Robert Collyer. He goes away a matured man, married, widely known, and much respected in our city. It was not for Mr. Milsted to come into such close relations with UNITY and the work it represents as we had hoped, and as we think his power and convictions would have justified. But he has worked quietly in his own way, his work molded, as all our work is, by the subtle influences and entanglements that make this life mysterious, reverent, holy. With his beautiful, accomplished wife he goes to seek a year's rest and the enlarged culture that comes from travel. Mr. and Mrs. Milsted will sail this month for the older world. Their travels

will reach from Skandinavia to Palestine. Europe, Asia, and Africa woo them and we trust will win them. UNITY joins with a host of friends in wishing them a joyous journey, and will welcome them back to the increased influence and the larger fellowship that will await them.

* *

It is not what Unitarianism has stood for, nor what those who represent it stand for *now*, that leads a growing number of its friends, at least in the West, into a cheerful discontent under its limitations. It is the growing conviction that there is that to be, and that now is, in the way of a Liberal sentiment, a religious hospitality, which can never be identified with any one of its root movements, because it has many root movements each represented by a different word equally vital. The new liberal churches that are to grow in the future cannot be called exclusively Unitarian any more than Quaker, Universalist, Free Religious, or Independent, because all and not one of these, and many more forces are at work creating them. There is an inevitable synthesis taking place. That synthesis must have a name before it gets very much farther along. When people use a name with an apology or an explanation it is an indication that that name is inadequate. What we have said of the word "Unitarianism" is still truer of the word "Christianity." There is a bigger thing coming into the thought and love of intelligent people everywhere than "Christianity," and that is UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

The Books of 1893.

Looking over the literary field for the year past we find not a single work of fiction that promises even temporary notoriety, unless there are grounds for such hope in regard to the "Heavenly Twins," a book which our friends tell us must be read, but which we have not come to. Madame Sarah Grand, whoever she may be, may be the new name we have been looking for to continue the line of great novelists which seems to have stopped at Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Expectation has been on tiptoe looking for another promised book from Olive Schreiner, but it turns out to be but a slender collection of published, fugitive, and, most of them,

earlier pieces; however, the world is glad to get anything from her pen, and it will continue to wait for that riper and richer book of which her "African Farm" and "Dreams" make such ample promise. In the realm of poetry the harvest seems to be almost as meager as that of fiction. James Whitcomb Riley seems to be well-nigh to the front of popularity among American poets to-day, and his star is still rising. He is so human, so domestic, so homely, so native to Western soil,—we are tempted to say so Hoosier-like,—that it would be a shame not to like him; nay, indeed one must be somewhat mean and sordid not to love him. But then what becomes of our propriety, our dignity, our good English and our relation to polite letters? We give all these questions up, but confess our delight that Riley has given us a new book this year, "Green Fields and Running Brooks," full of nonsense, fun and pathos, jingles that will delight the baby, and lines so searching that one at least ventured to bring them to his Sunday pulpit as Scripture, helpful in the hour of prayer and sermon,—and the bated breath and moistened eyes have justified the venture.

We wish we had more leisure, then we think we would know Edith Thomas better. We are sure she is worth the knowing. She follows after Helen Hunt and leads the singing sisterhood of America to-day. She stands half-way between Helen Hunt and Lucy Larcom, subtle and mystical, like the one, enamored of out-of-doors, in love with birds and flowers, converting them into easy parables, like the other. She has given us a sheaf of ripened corn the year gone, the pretty book entitled "Fair Shadow Land." Mrs. Martha P. Lowe, the widow of Chas. Lowe, of blessed memory among Unitarians, has given us a new and enlarged edition of "The Olive and the Pine." The book is divided, as the name might indicate, between Spain and New England. The long stretch from the old Castilian Knight to the quilting and the husking is reached by this book. At the last of the year we have an "Idyll of Greece" translated to us from the German of Gottfried Kinkel, a compatriot of Carl Schurz. So "Tanagra" becomes an idyll of liberty as well as an idyll of Greece. It is attractively illustrated by E. H. Blashfield. Of the

life-helping kind, after the pattern of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," a book which thus far has tempted many to imitate but inspired none to equal it, Emma Forbes Cary gives us this year a collection entitled "The Dayspring from on High." There is a tempting variety of sources, a provoking lack of index. The last, and probably the most respectable, contribution of poetry of 1893 is given us in the gathered poems of William Watson, the young English poet, who, during the year, has emerged again from under the cloud of ill-health. This is the poetry which must please, for it is the poetry of rhythm and melody, accompanied with delicacy of thought, more of Tennyson than Browning, and still a poet of the new day, one who consorts with scientists and is not afraid of science. William Watson is to be cultivated. His "Wordsworth's Grave" brought him immediate and merited fame. In connection with the study of the poetry of the year it is pleasant to know that Stopford Brooke has given us another primer, on the "Development of Theology as Illustrated by English Poetry." It is enough to say that it is like his others.

Alfred Church, who has made so many beautiful books for children, which the older people are sure to read, has given us another of his classical stories, entitled "Pictures from Greek Life and Story." The stately series entitled "Story of the Nations" has been enriched during the year by a volume on Parthia, by George Rawlinson, and we are impressed anew by the marvelous diligence and skill of this radical and scientific age in rediscovering lost nations and their mental and artistic treasures. Those who like such giants will be glad that the author of "Beacon Lights of History," Doctor John Lord, has told the story of Frederick the Great and Bismarck. The latter largely tells his own story in his famous speech before the German Reichstag. Helen Gardner seasons her dishes with both salt and pepper. She talks plain, always with noble intent, if not always wisely. Her "Facts and Fictions of Life," published by the Charles H. Kerr Company, is good reading for the dilettante, the men and women who live on the surface, the easy-going communicants at the tables of conventional piety and propriety. In popular science we have

already referred to Professor Shaler's "The Interpretations of Nature." The Brooklyn Ethical Association, whose headquarters are in our brother Chadwick's church, and which does more than any society we know of to popularize the doctrine of evolution and to prove the spiritual and moral value of science and scientists, has given us another splendid volume of seventeen lectures under the general subject of Sociology. The closing lecture is by John Fiske. In this direction our readers are in danger of going farther and faring worse if they do not acquaint themselves with Mr. Gould's little book on "Beginnings." It is published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. Many will steer clear of it because it is a "Sunday-school book," but it is not only good but necessary reading to grown-up folks, who would find foundations for their religious convictions in the nature of things, and who would fit their religious experiences into the law of evolution which obtains everywhere.

An original thinker never grows old. Some Ann Arbor workers have brought out in modern dress and with full introduction Rousseau's book on "The Social Contract; or, The Principles of Human Rights," a work one hundred and thirty years old. In memoriam volumes of sermons from Henry Doty Maxson and Frederick Frothingham, come to some of us like messages from the beyond, for between the weighty lines we see the radiant faces whose sincerity transfigured them before the transformation time came.

The higher criticism is breaking new ground in Biblical and theological fields, even to those who have accepted the rational theory of interpretation. Good work has been done in this direction this year by Doctor Cone of Buchtel College, Mr. Crooker, Mr. Sunderland, and Mr. Fenn, the first three having given us books on Bible or New Testament topics, while the last, Mr. Fenn, is giving us admirable food for thought through UNITY. Mr. Shutter, pastor of the Universalist church in Minneapolis, has given us a book with the startling title of "Wit and Humor of the Bible;" and why not? Must not the "Man of Sorrows" have been also the man of joys? The "Smiling Jesus" has scarcely yet appeared to the artists, but there must have been a smiling Jesus. His conquering powers must have been part-

ly rooted in the geniality of his nature. The Bible as a human book has both wit and humor in it.

How unerring are the subtle laws that make history. Time discovers greatness. The verdict of everybody is safer than the verdict of anybody. Five new books on Lincoln last year, John T. Morse's two-volume life, M. Louise Putnam's "Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln," C. C. Coffin's "Lincoln," elegantly illustrated, written so as to attract the attention of boys of all ages, and Remsburg's study entitled, "Abraham Lincoln; Was He a Christian?" As we said last week of the Parliament of Religions, there are better and worse books about Lincoln, but there are no poor books. The subject is so good that no author can wholly spoil it. The rule in this case is, "Buy all the books you can about Lincoln, read all of them, and get your children to read them."

From Lincoln it is easy to slip into the sympathies of Elizabeth Hyde Bottune, who has written of "First Days Among the Contrabands." It tells a simple story of a woman's labor's along the battle line. She represented the best side of New England. She was backed by James Freeman Clarke and his parish. Read this book and realize how one woman's life was glorified by teaching a "nigger" school.

We must speak of the three notable contributions to English literature made during last year, and there has come within our range of vision none other that we dare speak of in this way. First, the dying gift of the lamented Symonds, the two-volume life of Michael Angelo. Either as a substitute for or as a supplement to Grimm's great life of the great artist and the greater man, this work has come to stay. Second, the charming, juicy, luscious, nutritious Letters of James Russell Lowell, by Charles Elliot Norton,—such fun and wisdom, so much information and learned lore given us unwittingly. We catch him at it when he thought nobody was looking. Happy is the man who possesses himself of this first edition, simply as a money investment. It is like Chicago real estate, sure to bring large profit if you hold on to it long enough. Third and last,—take it up gratefully, take it up tenderly,—another and a new volume of Emerson, the sage of America, the Zoroaster of the West-

ern world, the prophet of universal religion. A new volume, the twelfth in the final edition, with the eighty pages of general index. We suspect that after the entire book crop of 1893 shall have become water-soaked and sunk to the bottom of the river of time, this book will be floating, and, in the main, legible.

William J. Potter.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

Another of our best and bravest gone! Another, who, for thirty years, has been identified with all that makes for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion,—unflinching in that cause, and gentle as he was unflinching. Another of whose spirit one may speak with reverence unreserved.

William Potter was a birthright Quaker who never lost the quiet mind and lighted face the birthright gave him, although he became a "hireling" minister and a Union soldier. Somehow the Friends' School opened into Harvard College, that into the Divinity School, and that into the New Bedford pulpit, where he was ordained a Unitarian minister in the "John Brown" days that heralded the outbreak of the war. When the draft summoned him in 1863, he welcomed it as the voice of the Spirit, a call to holy service, and his people furloughed him to go as chaplain to the camps. Soon after the war the little Unitarian world began to rock with its own freedom issues, and the men who voted for the limitations—mild, but intended and distinct—of a "Christian" preamble and article in the constitution of the National Unitarian Conference, carried the day. The Free Religious Association came promptly into being as a protest. (1867-8.) Octavius Frothingham was its president and orator; Francis Abbot bore the sword and blew the trumpet in his "Index"; Potter was the working secretary; such men as Emerson and Weiss, and Samuel Longfellow, and T. W. Higginson and George William Curtis, and such women as Lucretia Mott and Hannah Stevenson and Ednah Cheney, were members or speakers on its platform. Potter's period of active service outlasted that of nearly all of them; it lasted all his life. He was the planner of conventions, the official correspondent with the Orientals, the

composer of differences, the filler-in of gaps, the ever patient scribe. As years went by both Abbot's editorship and Frothingham's presidency fell to him, and he discharged his new duties faithfully and well. It was by this long service in the Free Religious Association that his uneventful life has touched the world most widely. It has been from first to last a very quiet Association; a propaganda of ideals rather than ideas, of an intellectual attitude rather than a body of doctrine. It has been a champion of free exploration in religion, and of fellowship in spirit instead of in belief. But its aim has been too broad for party action and for definite campaigns, and its tone too mild for popularity. Its temper has been that of sympathetic criticism rather than aggression; its method that of evolution, not of revolution; and its influence has made not for new separations in religion, but for unity with independence. Only a still small voice, then, among the noises of the day, but it has had at least the permeative inreach of the still small voice. Its very name, like "Free-thinker," has become a standing criticism of the Churches. It has had much to do with the gradual broadening of Unitarianism and the steady growth of its faith in freedom. Its spirit has thoroughly leavened the Western Unitarian Conference and half converted even the Unitarian Associations of the East. And the World's Parliament of Religions only realized on the large scale the ideal which the prophetic Free Religious Association had been exemplifying for years in its modest conventions.

Of this Free Religious spirit and attitude William Potter, the born Quaker, was the truest, most consistent of interpreters. In the interest of larger fellowship, the fellowship in spirit instead of in belief, he openly resigned this "Christian" name, deeming it untruth to imply that Christianity was one with absolute religion, and injustice to claim as "Christian" those ideas and virtues which equally grace believers in other religions. Hence, by his Unitarian brethren he was reckoned radical of radicals, and subjected, not to ostracism—that is too strong a word,—but to continuous avoidance. For a while his name was dropped by the Ameri-

can Unitarian Association from its official year-book list of ministers,—though it has long been restored to the place he claimed there as his right,—and for the last twenty-five years probably not a dozen ministers have done themselves the honor, and their people the good, of offering exchange of pulpits to Mr. Potter.

As to his pulpit work, he might be called a typical preacher in a typical parish of the latter end of the nineteenth century. In a typical parish, because his people gave him perfect liberty of utterance. And a typical preacher in it, because of his stress on the faith of ethics and the faiths of evolution. He once told his people—it was in the sermon closing his twenty-fifth year of ministry to them: "It has sometimes seemed to me that, whatever the topic I treat, my sermons always come to this one goal—*character, true and beneficent character*,—this above all things, this forever and evermore." This was the flower, the test, the outcome of all religion to him. And as he had baptized his mind in the spirit of the new science—Darwin's book was published in the year he was ordained,—he could not but preach the faiths of evolution. The sermon just alluded to contains in serial form a statement of what he calls "my creed,—mine, though not necessarily yours"; and it is so clear and strong and lofty a statement that in the West we printed it as a tract,* calling it by that very title, "The Faiths of Evolution." "God" was to him the Eternal Energy within and behind all phenomena, working in and through nature, vitalizing all organisms, "welling up within us also as the vitalizing force of our mental and moral perceptions,—the very power that constrained us within to follow the true and to do the humane and the right." This winter he has been giving in Boston a series of free Sunday afternoon lectures on the Twenty-third Psalm in the light of the nineteenth century,—an attempt and a title most characteristic of his mind. The spiritual quality in his thought, and the luminousness of it, combined with the absence of the picturesque, makes him a veritable Channing of these latter-day faiths. The book which his people printed a few years ago, "Twenty-five Sermons of Twenty-five Years," is one of the noblest outcomes of the Liberal pulpit.

* "Unity Short Tract, No. 6"; price 60 cts. a hundred copies.

But the man himself behind the thinker is what those who knew him all these years will most miss. What words were synonyms for "William Potter?" Transparency, truthfulness, justice of mind, serenity, gentleness, inflexibility of ideal. Not "courage," merely because he did what he did, in such simplicity that you never thought of it as taking courage. And his face was the index of these qualities; it was luminous with the goodness shining through. The very limitations of his nature and his culture—on the side of art and poetry and organizing power, for instance—were the limitations of his Quaker birth-right, parts of the Quaker's single-mindedness. But during the last two or three years of his life there had come a strange belated spring in him of some of these very qualities, and friends had noticed with surprise a pliancy and spontaneity and playfulness in his mood, and a poetry in his utterance they had not known before. He seemed to have come out of his reserves,—out from that cloistered self in which to even those who knew him well he usually lived.

His New Bedford people were loyal to him throughout the long ministry,—long for changing days like these. The years grew until, nine years ago, they celebrated his five and twentieth anniversary; and still, but with decreasing health, the service lasted on. Midway in it a shadow fell upon his home,—the going from him and from his children of the lovely and gifted woman who shared his inmost life. At last, on Christmas day a year ago, he preached his farewell sermon,—but still the people would not let him wholly go. They did an original and blessed deed; settling a young minister, Paul Frothingham, in his place, they commissioned Mr. Potter, with a living salary for five years, to be their *roving pastor*, and carry his gospel and theirs to whatever part of the earth he would. The release from responsibility proved to be a new lease of strength. Last winter he and his word were welcomed in California; in the fall he conducted the Free Religious Association's meetings in Chicago; this winter he has been giving those lectures in Boston and Worcester on the twenty-third psalm,—lectures to be printed, we may hope; and had he lived he would probably have made Chicago the center of his Free Religious work in close affiliation with the Western Conference.

Had he lived! But without a moment's warning Death touched him on a Boston street one night, and only strangers watched the closing of his eyes. Save for the loneliness of it, how happy such a swift, unheralded escape into the Light!

W. C. G.

Contributed and Selected

John C. Learned.

DECEMBER 8, 1893.

Thy work abides, though thou hast
passed from sight:
Unconsciously hast thou thy monu-
ment
From year to year built fair and per-
manent
In lives to which thine own was cheer
and light.
Wisdom and meekness clothed thee
with their might;
In thee the sage and saint were equal
blent;
Strength, courage, tenderness dwelt
in thy tent,
Thou soldier of the everlasting Right.
By so much as we mourn thee, we re-
joice
That we have known thee in these
earthly ways
And with thee striven for the things
unseen:
Still in our silences will speak thy
voice
And thy dear memory inspire our
days.
Till we too pass the veil that hangs
between.

F. L. HOSMER.

What We May Learn from the Artist.

The man in "business life" is very apt to hug the delusion that *he* of all others is the "busy" man of the world who may readily plead "want of time" to many of the social occasions that arise, while the artist may at any moment be solicited to engage in affairs not his own, or be intruded on in his retirement. The artist works when his inspiration comes, it is said, and "between times" has much time in which to "loaf and invite his soul," or otherwise, as the case may be. But it may be put down with assurance that no artist has ever had an "inspiration" that amounted to anything for which he has not already paid in advance by long hours of continuous labor. Nevertheless the artist learns what all men should learn, that "leisure" becomes a part of every man's best activity. Not to accomplish so many things, but those things which are superior, is the urgency that bids him fall in with the fate of each succeeding day and keep as sweet tempered as his mortal clay will allow, believing, if he shall never "hew to the mark" of his ambition, he will yet accomplish that whereunto he is sent.

—S. H. Morse, in *The Start*.

We pray to be conventional. But the wary Heaven takes care you shall not be, if there is anything good in you.

—Emerson, in *Society and Solitude*.

We believe in telling the truth even to the young.

BY THE WAY.

II.

"Yes, he drinks; but the poor man is that distracted and mortified he drowns his sorrow in that way."

"And leaves his children crying for the bread he can't furnish because he drinks—to drown sorrow, you say. One would suppose his sorrow, when he sees those little ones suffering for his neglect, would be all the keener."

"And so indeed it is; he has often said as much himself; but he can't help it."

"Oh, yes, he can."

"Oh, no, he can't."

She would not admit it, and she would not "listen to reason that was not reason," as she pronounced all reason to be which would bring a censure on the man she loved "in spite of it all." What this infatuation may be only a woman can tell, or nobody can.

But there they were, three children, the oldest nine, and the mother leaving them to go out house-cleaning when she could get the chance; for only so did she keep a very gaunt wolf at bay.

The husband "drowning his sorrow" sometimes with a part of the pittance she could earn.

He enters sober enough from a day's work,—a chance job; hands her the few pieces of silver; in all, 75 cents. She gives him an encouraging or grateful kiss. He smiles feebly; goes to his seat in one corner meekly, and the two-year-old crawls into his lap.

Some clothing has been brought for the children, and now one holds up first a pair of shoes, then a dress and a pair of mittens. He pays no attention.

"Let your father alone; don't you see he is that tired he can't be bothered now?"

He did not raise his eyes. A struggle was going on, evidently. He is thirty-five or forty

Whoso predicts the future may be wrong or right.

"Certainly, they offered me food if I would work."

"Why did you refuse?"

"I did not; I only said I must have food before I could work."

"And they refused it?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose they had to. It was their rule."

"They set you to breaking stones?"

"They tried to do that; but I couldn't break the back of a mosquito."

"No, I have no parents nor any relatives that I know of. We did have some, but they all returned to the old country when I was a baby. So mother said."

"Then you are alone—"

"No, not exactly. There's another fellow who came with me two years ago from Missouri. We worked at the same place. Two months ago

our pay fell off to \$3 apiece, and now we are glad if we can get two days work a week. That will keep us from starving, anyway. But if that goes—well, we ain't the kind to borrow trouble. An overcoat? Yes, we will be glad of that. We can use it between us, for the two days he works I stay at home. Read? Yes; get library books."

"Oh, I'm well fixed now. But two weeks ago I was nigh kicking the bucket, and on purpose, for I did n't see a thing to live for. Well, I was going along—street, feeling pretty blue, as you may imagine. But when I came to a certain house and saw 'Room and Board' in the window, I hurried up the steps on a jump, rang the bell, and was shown in. A big, good-natured landlady came in and started back on seeing me, with a little scream. Then she asked what I wanted. I told her I wanted a room and board, but I did n't know how I was going to pay for it. Then she asked why I came in. I told her I did n't know. I felt I must somehow, and did it before I knew it almost. She looked at me a while and began to cry. Finally she wiped her eyes and said: 'You are just the image of my boy that died a while ago, and I understand if you don't why you came in here. The good angels did it.' Or something like that, she said. Anyway she gave me the room her boy used to have and a suit of his clothes, and they were an exact fit. She said all the pay she wanted was for me to do what he did, help her about the house and do chores. I was agreeable, and now it's just like a home. 'I don't understand it, but she says she does.' S. H. M.

It is only by the unremitting performance of individual duty that any public evil will be remedied or any public good accomplished.—A. W. Tourgee.

The Thought Divine.

Two souls lay in the smile of heaven,
Bathed in that light divine;
Two souls that erstwhile strangers
were,
Whom each as silver must refine,
Yet knew it not, till one fair even
From out the sunset glow
There flashed a golden chain of
thought
That did all wrong forego,
But caught the good in each man's
heart,
Then flung itself to God,
Who gently drew the chain of thought
To paths by angels trod.
And there they walked in converse
bright—
Both souls—the weak, the strong—
Each aided by the faith in each
To live the good, forget the wrong.

HARRIET H. SINNARD

Correspondence

The Iowa Conference.

EDITOR OF UNITY: Will you kindly allow space for the following explanation of the action of the Iowa Conference in returning \$150 to the American Unitarian Association? This money had been applied for by the Executive Committee of the conference, but at a meeting of that committee, held May 19, 1893, the following action was taken, as recorded in the Secretary's minutes:

Considering the pressing demands upon the treasury of the American Unitarian Association, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, Rev. Mary A. Safford, volunteers to raise, if possible, the amount needed by our association within the limits of our own State. The Executive Committee sanctioned the proposition and instructed the Secretary to present the A. U. A. with the \$150, provided the money could be raised within the State.

At the Conference, Nov. 15, 1893, the Finance Committee reported the money raised. The Conference, as a whole, took no action relative to the \$150 except that of approving the work of the Executive Committee for the year.

The Conference does believe in raising its own missionary funds, so far as possible, because it believes that "to give is to live;" but neither the Executive nor the Iowa Conference has ever voted "to accept no more help in its missionary work from the A. U. A." The Conference would sincerely regret to hear any of its actions construed as indicating any antagonism to the Association. As the report of the Conference given in UNITY, Nov. 23, suggests such antagonism, this explanation is offered.

MARY A. SAFFORD, Pres.

LEON A. HARVEY, Secy.

For the Iowa Unitarian Association.

Kansas Labor Bureau.

EDITOR UNITY: An inquiry comes to me from Kansas regarding the labor bureau referred to in a recent article. The gentleman's letter was unfortunately mislaid, and I take this method of replying.

The statement concerning the bureau was copied from Miss Field's article in the *Chicago Tribune*, and is all I know about the facts in the case. Doubtless my correspondent can procure information from any of the State officials.

H. T. G.

OUR conviction is that our primordial affair is not to speculate about the universe, but to guide our actions within it.—*Paul Desjardins*.

CHRIST's words were uttered to all men, and must be obeyed by each for himself, according to his own conviction.—*A. W. Tourgee*.

All my good is magnetic, and I educate not by lessons, but by going about my business.

—*Emerson, in Plato*.

The Study Table

A Primer of Philosophy.*

The handsome appearance of this little book disposes one at once in its favor. Binding and presswork are admirable, and the index and table of contents are just what they should be, enabling one to consult it with the least possible loss of time and effort. In his preface the author says that he "means by 'Primer' a presentation of the subject in the plainest and most lucid form in which he could put it." In the effort to do this for philosophy it seems to us that the author has succeeded remarkably well. In little more than 200 pages he has set forth the monistic positive philosophy in a way that cannot but be of service to all earnest students of philosophy. But more than this, he has so presented the general subject of philosophy as to render it not only an endurable, but even an inviting field of study to that great part of mankind that has not a strong natural taste for the abstruse because of its abstruseness and for intellectual gymnastics for their own sake. This is a work for which there has been great need. It sometimes seems as though the metaphysicians of the past had determined that philosophy should be understood by no one but themselves, and had therefore sought to make the subject as difficult as possible, first by the voluminousness of their discussions, and secondly by their abstruseness. That a philosophical student of the scholarship of Dr. Carus should reverse this precedent, and take sufficient time and pains to write briefly and, at the same time clearly, is cause for profound gratitude. As a result of such treatises as this we believe there will be a greatly increased interest in the study of philosophy, a subject from which the sanest minds have too long been alienated by the unwise treatment it has received at the hands of its professors.

Dr. Carus' fundamental proposition is that experience is the basis of philosophy, a thesis that very many will deny before they have read his discussion of experience who will admit it after they come to understand what he means thereby. He defines experience as the effect of events upon sentient beings—a very happy definition which he explains and defends in a masterly fashion. The discussion of this matter, which begins on the twenty-sixth page, and in which he points out the current ambiguity in the use of the term,—an ambiguity of which our greatest philosophers, not excepting Kant, have been guilty,—is very helpful, and is perhaps the strongest part of the book. His discussion of axioms is another valuable feature of the treatise, though perhaps somewhat more difficult to

*Primer of Philosophy. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 232. \$1.

comprehend than his exposition of experience. His treatment of free will is very strong.

Of course the book is not without faults. Among minor ones we count the attempt to use the word "atsight" as a rendering for *Anschauung*. Had English been his mother tongue, we do not think our author would have made this attempt; and we say this in full consciousness of the fact that Dr. Carus has a masterly command of English, and uses it with a power possessed by few scholars of English and American birth.

His use of the word feeling,—particularly in the discussion of apperceptions and consciousness, beginning on page 182, is unsatisfactory. This discussion seems to us the weakest part of the book. It would have been clearer had the section devoted to the definition of psychological terms (p. 189) preceded it; for the author is generally so careful in his use of terms that if you take his definitions you will accept his statements, and the opposition that will often suggest itself when he opens a subject will usually disappear when one has in mind the exact sense in which he uses his terms.

While speaking of defects it may be well to notice a typographical error which we recall, occurring in the fifth line of page 185—"bring" for being.

The author says that the book is not expressly designed to give instruction to beginners in philosophy, but that it is nevertheless eminently available for that purpose,—and in this judgment we concur. The tyro and the teacher, as well as the independent student, are under obligations to Dr. Carus for this excellent treatise.

F. W. S.

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER. Edited by Melville Philips. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 316.

The sixteen articles of which this volume is composed "first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, constituting therein the Journalist Series, the chief object of which was to afford the public a close and comprehensive view of various phases of newspaper life and work." They are admirably adapted to that purpose and make instructive, as well as very interesting, reading for all who are in any way connected with the press or interested in it. We commend the volume to all aspirants for a journalistic career. The first papers deal with such subjects as "Getting Out" the Paper, "The Managing Editor," "The History of a News Dispatch," and the like,—the more strictly professional topics,—while the later papers are, as a rule, of a more general character, containing reminiscences of the most eminent American editors and correspondents, with some accounts of the methods by which they have scored some one or more of

their greatest successes. It goes without saying that a series of articles from the pens of Halstead, McClure, Cockerill, "Gath," Handy, Julius Chambers, John Russell Young, and others who have worked or are working beside them, is eminently readable; and we hope that the book will be widely read. Certainly no student of public life can afford to be ignorant of the manners and methods of the press, the influence of which, for good and for evil, is in our day so far-reaching. F. W. S.

POEMS HERE AT HOME. By James Whitcomb Riley. Pictures by E. W. Kimble. New York: The Century Co. Cloth, 12mo. \$1.50.

"Everybody likes poetry," said Emerson; but it depends a good deal on the poetry whether it is liked or not. Mr. Whitcomb's poetry is having an enormous circulation and his readers include persons of the most liberal culture and those who have none at all. We have had, before now, the spectacle of a writer making a lucky hit with a piece of homely verse appealing to the common heart, and then going on for years "dropping his buckets into empty wells and growing old in drawing nothing up." Mr. Whitcomb's course has shown nothing of this ethical defect. He shows no signs of failing power or weak invention. Moreover he would have been a true poet and would have made a reputation if he had never written a dialect poem.

For witness of this read the first poem in his book, a sonnet, "When She Comes Home," an old favorite with many, who cannot read it without some of the symptoms it describes:

Tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat.

The book is a collection of pieces ranging all the way from grave to gay. The selection is admirable, and yet leaves one questioning why some things were omitted. Surely "Let's Go a Visiting Down to Grigsby's Station" is worthy of a place with "Nothin' to Say," "The Old Man and Jim," "At 'the Literary'" and "The Raggedy Man," admirable as all these are. Of the graver sort we have "The Absence of Little Wesley," in the dialect form; and in every-day English, "Bereaved," "Some Day," "The Dead Wife," and "Dead Selves." The humorous kind are the more numerous. But the laughter and tears are both in one cradle, as Beecher used to say, and one is always wakening the other. The making of the book is altogether beautiful. The only possible criticism on it is that its outward show is too supremely elegant for the homeliness of what we find within.

A STRING OF AMBER BEADS. By Martha Everts Holden ("Amber"). Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1894. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 139; \$1. Paper 50 cents.

The name of Amber is familiar to all readers of Chicago newspapers.

This book contains selections from the work of many years, short, sprightly articles upon a great variety of topics. Earnest, cheerful, unstudied, the every-day thoughts of an every-day woman, they will appeal to many readers. The book is very prettily gotten up by the publishers.

H. T. G.

MARY. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Leslie Brooke. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 204. \$1.

The charming stories for children written by Mrs. Molesworth are known to all the world. A series of ten of them published by Macmillan come in a box at one dollar apiece. Of them Swinburne says: "Any chapter of the 'Cuckoo Clock,' or the enchanting Adventures of Herr Bobby is worth a shoal of the very best novels dealing with the characters and fortunes of mere results." "Mary" is written for very young children, and will captivate them like the others.

H. T. G.

THE HOME; OR, LIFE IN SWEDEN.

By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 2 vols. cloth, gilt top, 12mo, pp. 329 and 335. \$2.50.

This elegant edition of the well-known Swedish classic is issued by the Knickerbocker Press, and is heartily commended to the attention of those who are not already familiar with the writings of the gifted author.

SOME THINGS THAT CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW. By Blanche L. Delaplaine. 32mo pamphlet, 16 pages. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe street, Chicago.

This helpful discussion of the delicate question which confronts all parents should be in the hands of all who have the care of the young. It not only states what all thinkers are beginning to realize, that the mystery of birth ought to be explained, in some degree, to children, but it suggests *how* this often difficult duty may be performed. The writer has done her work admirably.

F. W. S.

The Magazines.

THE MONIST for the first quarter of 1894 contains an interesting paper by Prof. Richard Garbe on the "Connection Between Indian and Greek Philosophy;" four papers on Monism,—"A Monistic Theory of Mind," by Lester F. Ward; "The Unity of Thought and Thing," by Dr. Lewins; "The Subjective and Objective Relation," by G. M. McCrie, and "Monism and Henism," by the editor,—of which the first and the last two are worthy of study; a rather fantastic theory in "The Problem of Woman, from a Bio-Sociological Point of View," by G. Ferrero, who puts forth what he calls the law of non-labor; several articles of less general in-

terest; and several brief reviews of interesting foreign books and publications,—notably those of the second volume of Max Nordau's *Entartung*, and Dr. Ernst Krause's book on The Troy Towns of Northern Europe (*Die Trojeburgen Nordeuropa's*).

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for January is chiefly devoted to relief work. Dr. Gladden has an article treating of this subject; and the American editor, Dr. Shaw, presents reports of the method adopted this winter in some fifteen American cities.

VOLUME I. of the two-volume edition of the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of the English language will be issued on Dec. 16. This volume has been four years in making; two hundred and thirty-eight editors and specialists have been employed upon it; and the cash outlay has been about a half million dollars. The advance orders for the work mount up into the tens of thousands. It has been granted an award at the Columbian Exposition.

AN astonishing proof of the popularity of the new book, "Samantha at the World's Fair," which was first issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company on November 16th, is the fact that the fortieth thousand copies are now coming from the press. Such a record is seldom attained, particularly in so short a time, and more than assures the phenomenal success of the book.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

NATURAL THEOLOGY. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1893. By Prof. Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1893. New York: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 272. \$1.50.

NO HEROES. By Blanche Willard Howard. With illustrations by Jessie McDermott Walcott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 97.

ROMANCE OF THE INSECT WORLD. By L. N. Badenoch. With illustrations by Margaret J. D. Badenoch and others. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1893. Cloth and gold, gilt top, 8vo, pp. 341. \$1.25.

APPRENTICES TO DESTINY. By Lily A. Long. New York: Merrill & Baker. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 348. \$1.00.

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Church-Door Pulpit

The Dream of Religious Unity.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. JOHN E. ROBERTS BEFORE ALL SOULS CHURCH OF KANSAS CITY, MO., PUBLISHED BY THE CONGREGATION.

That they may all be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us—John xvii. 21.

Before the fraternity of religions was discovered or even dreamed of save by the noblest few, before the generic unity of mankind was known to be a fact, before science had revealed the laws of nature and shown the universe to be one, before the one-God concept had become a philosophical and moral necessity to thinking man, the sublime teacher of Judea saw afar the possible unity of religions, and prayed that it might be realized. When we remember the inveterate animosity that existed between the different sects of religion, the bitter and implacable hatred which each religiously cherished for the others, the hostility, jealousy, exclusiveness and intolerance common at that period to all religious parties and factions, the prophet's prayer seems wantonly sanguine and rashly prophetic.

The religious world was a chaos. Conflicting theories and hostile camps engendered discord and fanned the flames of strife. Religions were a system of standing armies snuffing the battle from afar. Fraternity, tolerance, sympathy, and co-operation none dreamed of—none save one. And this one, this brave and undaunted herald of the golden days, saw in vision the time when even religions should put away the blood-rusted sword and learn war no more.

Looking back to that day of the prophets and then at this day, with its comprehensive unities, one may see what a sublime opportunity religion lost. It might have been the potent agent for blending the thought and purpose of mankind and making real the brotherhood of men. It might have led forth the kingdom of God on the earth as the great teacher hoped. But though this was the dream of the great leaders in religion, yet the rank and file seem to have been incapable of embracing their high purpose and fulfilling their noble ambitions. Religions grew more arbitrary and exclusive. Mutual hatreds grew more intense, wars and persecutions more bitter.

Meanwhile the world's life was to be revolutionized by other and unexpected influences. The desirability of peaceful relations between the nations of the earth was a proposition that the interests of commerce first made and the enlightened moral sense ably seconded. The progress of science and discovery brought to the attention of the thinking world questions of universal importance, questions that admitted of no local or biased solution. The spirit of philanthropy widened and deepened until

it began to be perceived that all human beings have equal and inviolable claims upon justice, both human and divine. After these mighty forces, commerce, science and philanthropy had wrought and revolutionized the world, factional religion found itself out of harmony with the spirit of the age and inadequate to the needs and longings of the spiritual life of men. Religions were in need of restatements to adjust them to the changed conditions of human life. The divine informing spirit of religion had outgrown the form. Multitudes of men were more religious than was religion itself. Minds were broader than creeds. Human hearts were more divine than theories of atonement. Truth was ampler and richer than Bibles. The Christ was coming again to the world, not in the clouds of heaven, with angel trumpeters proclaiming judgment to a doomed world, but in the tenderer sympathies, the truer humanity and the nobler spiritual purpose of thousands and thousands of the children of men.

Religion was not outgrown nor superseded nor disallowed by the intelligence of men, but many of its forms and statements and methods were. Its forms are local, temporary and pass away. Its informing spirit is eternal. Since man was man that spirit has impelled him to believe in and to seek after the Supreme One; nor have we any reason to infer that that search will cease so long as man is man.

It is inconceivable that the religions of the world should remain unaffected by the world's modern life. Forming as they do a large and corresponding part of that life, they must in one way or another respond to whatever alters or affects it. Until modern times the attitude of religion to change, discovery and improvement has been one of hostility and stubborn resistance. It has called honest criticism ungodly, science atheistic, and many things introduced for the betterment of man's physical condition it has pronounced interference with the designs of providence. Happily the spirit of hostility has passed away. And this change in the general attitude of religion to the non-religious forces of society constitutes the most remarkable of all the effects wrought upon it in modern times. For ages religion sought and kept the cloister and the cell; within their sheltered gloom visions were awaited and inspirations sought. Moreover its books were supernatural, its Christs were extrahuman, and its authority was attested by miracles that were exceptional, if they did not transgress and transcend natural laws. It worked from without. It was distinctively not of this world. It suffered no alliance with reason and sought no aid from the great forces of mind and heart that were steadily working to make the world new. All this has changed. Before the intelligent world religion

lays claim to no authority not founded in reason and basis of no sanctity not warranted by the rational order of the universe and the nature of man. It no longer resists science nor fears knowledge and light. It has taken its place as one of the great hierarchy of moral and spiritual forces whose united purpose is the lifting up of mankind.

A special phase of this stupendous change may be seen in the different character of the questions that occupy religious leaders. Until recently these questions have been wholly speculative and doctrinal.

It is difficult to realize that the Christian world was once divided into warring factions upon the question as to whether Jesus was made of the same substance as or of similar substance to that of God. Even speculative theology is at last more reverent than to make of the Infinite a plaything of logic and debating societies. The question of whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father or from the Father and the Son is not now of startling moment to the average man or woman. The questions relating to original sin, theories of atonement, and modes of baptism,—questions that never yet, as has been truthfully said, presented a practical difficulty to any earnest soul, are no longer of burning importance. They are like bunches of dried herbs, supposed to be medicinal, which some people gather in the autumn and hang up in the attic, and then forget until they bring in another bunch next autumn.

The questions of to-day are practical. They relate to human needs; they belong to the people. Theology-making is fast yielding to applied religion and applied ethics, which may be the same thing. The problem of poverty, the obligation of wealth, the care of destitute children,—these are problems that the spirit of true religion leads to and tries to solve. Religion is being adapted to the life that now is. It has set its feet upon the round earth. It no longer despairs of this world in which the Christ prayed that the will of God might be done as it is done in heaven.

There are some things already accomplished that presage religious unity. The scientific spirit is possessed by all seekers after truth. The laws of reason are recognized as universal. Truth is welcomed and held sacred. These form the rational basis for religious unity and contribute to its realization. The scientific spirit implies pains to investigate and open-mindedness. The laws of reason require that any rational conclusion sanctioned by clear thought is valid everywhere. Reason is one, and religion may claim no exemption from rules of evidence and laws of thought that rightly control the minds of men working in any other field. The sanctity of truth implies that all truth is of God, and wherever or by

whomsoever found, it constitutes a veritable word of God. The scientist, though men may call him atheistic, is still a revealer. Humanity is a revealer, making more clear by its moral purposes and spirit longings the mind and will of God. Thus the real Bible, the true word of God, is an unfinished book, while every discoverer, every age, and every noble life contributes to its inexhaustible riches. I have stated these propositions in such a way that I believe no truly religious person of any name or faith would care to take exceptions to them.

The dream of religious unity does not imply nor require similarity of form in religious expression. It does not imply the organic unity of religious parties. There will always be diversity in all things external. Temperaments, tastes and manners differ. The Catholic worships best by means of some appeal to eye or ear. His worship is ornate, picturesque and dramatic. The Quaker worships best by plain words and few, or by silent contemplation of the invisible and unspeakable realities. Yet both worship, both feel after God. All forms are merely aids to the longing, yearning soul. Beneath or within the form, giving it potency, sanctity, and making it sublime, is the human soul. Above the form and embracing it is the longed for and answering Supreme. These two unite in all true worship. Could we rightly interpret it, the language at all altars is the same.

While organic unity is not desirable nor practicable generally, yet it will without question be achieved in certain cases in the interest of economy and effectiveness. Smaller communities, instead of having a number of churches with infrequent and irregular service by untrained ministers, will have one or two with both the intellectual and spiritual standard at least as high as the average in the community. The public ministrations of religion will be adapted to the needs and capacities of the community, rather than having the community adapted to the ambitions of mere sectarianism.

Under all the names and forms of religion there will be one controlling purpose, one comprehensive aim, the realization of the divine in man. This oneness of aim is the essence of religious unity. For this end all religions shall yet join, then shall they all be one. Belief will be solely an individual matter. Creed will be subordinate to character. The one requirement will be the desire to live a finer, higher life. The one duty will be service for others. In the spirit of religious unity the selfish seeking of heaven will disappear. The sectarian pride and ambition will disappear. Religious controversies and rivalries will cease. And the pride of opinion and prejudice of custom will no more stain the cheek of religion with tears of pity and shame.

It may transpire that in the interest of the spirit of religion a new church will grow up, a church without any of the limitations or peculiarities implied by each of the old names, a church born anew, born of the spirit of God, a church born of the deepening spirituality of the human soul, a church that shall be called not Unitarian, not Protestant, not Roman Catholic, not even Christian, but the Free Church of the world, a church in which no man shall say, I am a Jew or I am a Mohammedan, or I am a Christian, but a church in which all men shall say, we are brethren and God is our Father. A church in which the spirit of devotion is so commanding that all shall forget their differences of race, creed and title under the holy spell of worship. A church where no man shall be a stranger, a church in which each shall feel the spiritual uplift and hear the voiceless benediction of peace and say in their inmost heart, This, this is the house of God, the very gate of heaven.

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THURS.—There is no instinct of the child more important and less guarded than the exercise of his senses.

FRI.—Half the wealth of the world is lost to most of us from lack of power to perceive.

SAT.—The strongest, most beautiful characters are those who see the good that is in each person.

—Elizabeth Harrison.

Jesus' Christmas—in 1893.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

What would he do if he were here—
Jesus unto our hearts so dear?

If Jesus were here, a little child,
Led by his mother Mary mild
And goodman Joseph, his father true
(So good that he called God, "Father,"
too!),

If Jesus were here, I am sure that he
Would be glad to see the Christmas
Tree

With its candles bright and its glitter-
ing star,

And the children trooping from near
and far

To his birthday party.

But then I know

(For do not the gospels tell us so?)

If there was any forgotten child
Who the glad day long had never
smiled—

There might be ninety and nine so gay—

One little boy would steal away

Out in the darkness and snow and cold
To bring that child to the Christmas
fold.

And what would *you* do if he were
here—

This Nazareth boy to the world so
dear?

Would you build him a throne by the
Christmas tree

And round it solemnly bend the knee

And sing: "How high and holy is He,
The only child of Deity?"

If you should—

I think his gentle eyes
Would rest on you in vast surprise;
You would hear his voice so tender
and true

(Speaking just as he used to do)

"God's *only* child!"

Then—who are *you*?"

And, O, what shall we do to bring him
here—

The Christ-child unto our soul's most
dear?

We must be Christ-children too,
Helping the world in all we do,
Making father and mother glad
To see God's child in their girl or lad.
Then—this is the secret I have to tell—
The dear Christ-child will be here to
dwell

In the home and the town we love so
well.

For it means the same to be tender and
true

In Nazareth and in Kalamazoo.

—Caroline Julia Bartlett.

The Matsuyama Mirror.

Among the many marvelous things to be seen in this country of marvels that first attract the attention of the foreigner is the Japanese mirror. Its peculiarity consists in the fact that it is made of metal—generally of bronze—coated on the front with an amalgam of tin and quicksilver, and so highly polished that but for its weight it might be mistaken for an ordinary looking-glass. The back is adorned in relief with flowers, birds, or Japanese characters, which extend to the handle, and the general appearance is that of a handsome metal fan.

That which is most extraordinary about the mirror, however, is the quality it possesses of reflecting a luminous image of the design on the back. In other words, the sunlight seems to penetrate the metal and display the figures that are otherwise hidden from view. The attention of men of science has long been attracted to the phenomenon, but no explanation heretofore given has proved satisfactory. The consensus of opinion is that the effect is produced by an unequal convexity resulting from the manipulation of an iron tool accompanied by the application of mercury.

In connection with these mirrors, the Japanese have a pretty fairy tale, and because of the poetical thought it conveys, and the pleasure it may afford to young as well as old, I send you the following free translation as it has been given to me by one of the English residents here:

A long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a daughter, to whom they were greatly attached, and their home was known as Matsuyama, a beautiful village in the province of Echigo. It so happened that the father was obliged to go to the great city of Tokio, the capital of Japan. The mother, never having been farther from home than the next town, could not help being frightened at the thought of her hus-

band making such a long journey, yet she was proud of the fact, for he was the first man in all that country side who had been to the big town where lived the emperor.

At last the time arrived for his return, and dressing the baby in its best clothes and arraying herself in the pretty blue gown which she knew her husband liked, she waited to give him welcome. And when he came, how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight over the beautiful toys her father brought. "And for you," he said to his wife, "I have brought this. It is called a mirror. Look and tell me what you see inside."

He gave to her a plain, white wooden box, in which on opening it she found a round piece of metal. One side was white like frosted silver and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers. The other was as bright as the clearest crystal. The young mother looked into it with delight and astonishment, for from its depths was looking at her with parted lips and bright eyes a smiling happy face.

"What do you see?" asked the husband, gratified at her astonishment. "I see a pretty woman looking at me. She moves her lips as if she was speaking, and—dear me, how odd, she has on a blue dress just like mine!" "Why, you silly woman, it's your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that was new to his wife. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror, and everybody in the great city has one, although we have not seen them in this country place before."

The wife was charmed with the present. But the wonderful thing was far too precious for every day use, so she shut it up in its box again, putting it away carefully among her most valuable treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife continued to live happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who as she grew up became the very image of her mother. The latter, mindful of her own passing vanity on finding herself so lovely, kept the mirror carefully concealed, fearing that the use of it might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl. She never spoke of it, and as for the father he had quite forgotten the circumstance. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, knowing nothing of her own good looks or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

After awhile, however, a terrible misfortune occurred in this happy little family. The good mother fell sick, and though waited upon with loving care by day and night, she grew worse and worse, until at last the sad announcement was made that she must die. Calling the girl to her, the mother said, "My darling child, I must soon pass away and leave you and your father alone, but I want

from you a promise. Here is what is called a mirror," taking it from its hiding place and handing it to her daughter. "Promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and morning, for there you will see me and know that your mother is still watching over you."

The child promised with many tears, and the mother, being now calm and resigned, soon after died. Obedient and dutiful, the daughter never forgot her mother's last request, and each morning and evening took the mirror from its box and looked at it long and earnestly. There she saw, as she supposed, the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother. Not pale and sickly as in her last days, but the beautiful young mother of long ago. To her at night she told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day, and to her in the morning looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever troubles might be in store for her.

So, day by day, she lived as if in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had done in her mother's lifetime, and careful always to avoid whatever might give her pain or grief. Her greatest joy was to look in the mirror and say, "Mother, I have been to-day what you would wish me to be if you were by my side."

Thus seeing his little daughter every night and morning looking into the mirror holding converse with it, her father one day asked her the reason for the strange behavior. "Why, father," she said, "I look into the mirror every day to see my dear mother and talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish and how she never had failed to fulfill it. Touched by so much simplicity and such faithful loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection; but he could not find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw was only the reflection of her own sweet face, which by sympathy and association had become more and more like her dead mother's day by day. And so she lived on, happy in the thought that though absent in the flesh, the one she loved best was always present in the spirit and always looking on her from the depths of her cherished mirror.

—G. W. C., in *Ithaca Daily Journal*.

WHEN Washington Irving used the phrase "the almighty dollar" he gave an undesirable but nevertheless accurate epitome of the life and aims of many Americans. But, perhaps, we ought not to set any geographical or national limits. It's about the same the world over, especially in civilized(?) countries. A Bombay dealer in curios shows beside a Chinese Joss marked "Heathen Idol," a \$5 gold piece labeled "Christian Idol." The Celestial can evidently be sarcastic when he tries.

—Voice.

"It don't matter so much *where* you are at as *what* you are at."—John Slowman.

The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XVIII.

AN INVISIBLE COMPANION.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Matt. xxviii. 20.

When children are playing alone on the green

*In comes the playmate that never was seen,
When children are happy and lonely and good*

The Friend of the children comes out of the wood.

*Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,*

When children are happy and playing alone.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Picture: The Unseen Jesus, by Hofmann.

The story of the picture is obvious. The scene is in a German home. The father and the mother, with their three children and the dear old grandmother, are gathered for family prayers. One of the volumes of the big family Bible has been taken from the shelf above the niche in the wall where the crucifix stands, and the father is reading. But, unseen by all, Jesus himself is in the room where two or three are gathered in his name, and with eyes bent upon the baby in the mother's arms stretches out his hands in invisible benediction. Their eyes do not see him, but he is there, and perhaps their hearts are burning within them while the Scriptures are read.

What was the manner of life of the Christians after the death of Jesus?

—They walked by faith, not by sight, and endured as seeing him who is invisible.

One of the most beautiful things about the life of the Christians as we find it described in the New Testament is their perfect trust in unseen influences, which were guiding them in perplexity and helping them in need (cf., e. g., Acts xiii. 1-4; xv. 28). Out of the invisible world where Jesus was came intimations in dreams and visions (Acts xvi. 9; xviii. 9), in promptings or restraints (Acts viii. 26; xvi. 6, 7), which were ascribed to the Holy Spirit, to angels, to the continued ministry of Jesus himself. This mental attitude is best expressed by Paul—"We walk by faith, not by sight." For usually in the New Testament faith means an obedient trust in things unseen. Christians were those who had faith in Jesus as the Christ, and during his absence they must keep their faith in him if they would enter his kingdom at the second advent. Moreover, many of the Jews who became Christians were deprived of much that had previously been precious and helpful—the temple with its altar, the priests with spoken assurances of forgiveness and blessing. To meet this need the epistle to the Hebrews was written by an unknown

Christian who sought to strengthen belief in an unseen temple, altar, priest, and offerings, which were the realities of which earthly things were only shadows, whose service of faith was better than that of sight in Jerusalem. Naturally this temper of mind was exposed to the very real dangers of other-worldliness to which, as we know, many of the Christians succumbed. Yet it fostered the imagination and so put the church in training for a purer idealism. One of the most distinctive faculties of man is his power to direct his energies toward the attainment of remote results which, as ideals, govern his life far more than considerations of present utility or apparent benefit. So, even by the delusion of the second advent, the noblest qualities of manhood were exercised.

Can this faith of the primitive Christians mean anything to us? Believing in the indefinite progress of man, we cherish the hope that at some time in the far distant future justice and love will be actually supreme in the world and the spiritual ideals of Jesus be realized in human society. This is our faith in the kingdom of God, based not upon the promise of Jesus but on the history of the world, which stimulates and strengthens. And if those who die live on in a world imperceptible by our senses in which Socrates continues his research into true and false knowledge, conversing with Orphæus and Hesiod and Homer, Ajax and Odysseus (Apology §41), then must Jesus be as eager to help men there as he was on the earth. And if in ways that the senses know not of, any suggestions of counsel or reassurance can come to men who are in spiritual sympathy with those who live unseen, or on the earth, those who look to Jesus, to the saints, to their friends, for help may receive it. Psychical research opens great possibilities and makes the faith of the Christians much more rational than it appeared a generation ago. *The evidence is yet far from sufficient to warrant an affirmation, but it is more than sufficient to silence unthinking denial.* Nobody can say that this picture does not represent an actual fact; on the other hand, no one has a right now to say that it does. But in a general sense, if not in this particular and personal way, religion has to do chiefly with the imagination, and "to walk by faith" is still the essence of the religious life. A religious man will not excuse himself for wrong-doing by pleading that everybody else acts in the same way, for, as a religious man, he owes allegiance to higher standards of morality than have yet been popularly accepted. He will not be discouraged by the victory of evil for the very heart of his religious belief is the faith that right must triumph in the end. For us, at any rate, religion must be life in the power of things unseen.

What was the early Jewish belief about a future life?—It was believed that at death all passed alike into sheol, an underground cavern, from which all that made life worth living was absent.

The course of Hebrew thought regarding the future cannot be traced with certainty. Yet we may venture to sketch it. According to ancient Semitic ideas there was, under the

earth, a vast cavern whither the shades of the dead were gathered (cf. Is. xiv. 9). There all lived a colorless, monotonous existence from which those living on earth prayed to be kept. Long life was fervently desired, death was dreaded because of the nature of sheol. As the Messianic idea enlarged and the dream was indulged of a vast Jewish kingdom dominant in the world, the question arose whether the Jews who had been so unfortunate as to die before the coming of this kingdom were to have no share in its glory. This was answered by the teaching of the resurrection (D.n. xii. 2). All Israelites were to be brought from sheol up to the earth again, but the bad were to be put to shame and punished. Thus there came to be a division in sheol. Those of its inhabitants who were destined to a happy future on the earth were in better case already than the rest. For them sheol was a place of hope, for others there was despair mingled with regret. The colorless cavern has become bright on one side, lurid on the other.

What was the early Christian idea of the future?—The believer who died passed at once into the presence of Jesus and was forever with him sharing his joy.

It does not seem possible to bring all the New Testament writers into agreement on the subject of the future. In the book of Revelation, the picture is very distinct: Satan is bound; the believing dead are raised to live and reign with Christ a thousand years; then Satan is loosed and all the unrighteous forces of the world make war against the beloved city only to be overwhelmed by fire from heaven; then follows a second resurrection and the general judgment, after which all the ungodly, with death and hades (i. e. sheol), are cast into the lake of fire and the righteous who have believed in Christ enter upon their inheritance in the new heavens and the new earth (Rev. xx. and xxi.). Paul's thought as to the future marks by its different phases his spiritual growth. Yet two ideas seem to persist through the various forms: (1) the believer in Jesus went at death to be with his lord (Phil. i. 23) and (2) there was to be a possession of the body by the spirit. The latter idea takes sometimes a very high form: while Paul often speaks of the resurrection as a future event (1 Cor. xv. 52) he also views it as a spiritual experience (Col. iii. 1(?); but the germs of the idea are in Rom. vi. 4, viii. 10, 11, by which the body becomes the friend of the spirit instead of its foe). The thought of Jesus concerning the future is quite obscure: we cannot be certain whether he believed in one resurrection or two, or indeed in any resurrection at all. He did believe, however, in a future life and in an eternal difference between righteous and unrighteous. But while his followers differed widely as to the details of the future not one of them doubted that for them it would be bright and glorious. Hence in the New Testament, never in the Old, the future life conceived of as something to be coveted or dreaded becomes a motive for holy living. Never except in a few of the most exalted utterances of Paul does the New Testament think of a final restoration of all souls to holiness and happiness, but the spirit of the New Testament has made us think of

it and the ethical sense which created the idea of eternal punishment is rapidly abolishing it. If there be immortality for all there must ultimately be blessedness for all.

The present significance of the early Christian idea these Lessons are not to discuss. Certainly what is true of Jesus must be true of all men. If he lives we shall live also; if he is happy those who have lived as he lived will be happy too, and spiritual gravitation may be trusted to bring all such together. For clear thinking, however, it is essential to discriminate between resurrection and immortality: the one implies cessation and renewal of life, the other unbroken continuance. With few exceptions, resurrection holds no place in the minds of modern thinkers, the only question concerns immortality. And granting the reality of future life at all, the questions are these: (a) Is immortality an acquirement or is it native to the soul? (b) Can a soul by continuance in evil-doing destroy itself? Is restoration or annihilation the end of those who continue in selfishness?

If we may not hold the hope of the early Christians so stoutly as they, we are at least free from terror. Whatever may await us in the future must be that which is best for us.

Questions.

The Picture.—What Scotch poem does this picture remind you of? What sort of home does this seem to be—rich or poor, peaceful or quarrelsome, happy or sad? Is it Roman Catholic or Protestant? Is there any possibility that the picture represents a fact? Does it illustrate an idea of primitive Christianity?

Faith and Sight.—What is the usual meaning of *faith* in the New Testament? What did walking by faith mean to Paul? What may it mean to us? "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." Is this ethical? Would Paul have assented to the principle (cf. Rom. xii. 2)? Would Jesus?

The Future Life.—What was the Jewish idea of sheol? Distinguish between resurrection and immortality? How did the idea of resurrection arise among the Jews? How did it react upon the conception of sheol? What is certain about the belief of the Christians concerning the future? What discordant elements were in their thought? To what inconsistencies in the mind of Jesus do these correspond?

Sunday School Items.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

Mr. Mangasarian has kindly consented to write a short introduction to the twelve lessons from Noble Lives and Noble Deeds which are to form the concluding portion of our Fourth year. This introduction will be published in UNITY in a week or two, and will be reprinted in a cover to contain the twelve lessons. Those ordering the lessons will obtain them in this form without extra charge.

MR. GANNETT'S OLD TESTAMENT CHART.

We see that this little chart, which was published as a help to the third year in our Six Years' Course, has been recommended by the Eastern Sunday School Society for use with

their Old Testament lessons. We are sure they will find it excellent. It is the best birds-eye view of the growth of the Old Testament we have ever seen. The chart, combined with his Three Stages of a Bible's Life, published as Unity Mission Tract No. 40, will enable a Sunday school class to get a clearer understanding of the Bible than all the ponderous commentaries of our theological schools can give. Indeed, the little tract has been reproduced by the English Sunday School Society as a series of lessons, and might well be used so in this country.

A SECULAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday schools started a century ago with the attempt to teach the uneducated young the rudiments of a common school education, reading, writing and arithmetic, and not the catechism or the Bible. An attempt to do a similar thing has been successfully made in St. Louis. Prof. C. M. Woodward, known all over the world for his success in introducing and developing manual training in our public schools, determined something over a year ago to start a Sunday forenoon school for those who had to work hard all the week and yet wished to educate themselves better for the duties of life. This school is now in its second year and has an attendance of over fifty, with seven teachers. Algebra, geometry, arithmetic, chemistry, physics and similar studies are taught, with excellent results.

Mozoomdar's Book

The Oriental Christ. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. 193 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

The "idea" in this remarkable book may be best briefly stated by combining a saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahmo leader, with a sentence or two from the author's Introduction: "Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. . . . Yet the Christ that has been brought to us in India is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back. . . . Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fullness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. In England and Europe we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. . . . Look at this picture and that: this is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. When we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. When we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace."

Thirteen Chapters, viz., *The Bathing, Fasting, Praying, Teaching, Rebuking, Weeping, Pilgrimage, Trusting, Healing, Feasting, Parting, Dying, and Reigning Christ.*

The existence of this book is a phenomenon: more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

It is a stroke of genius. It contains a whole philosophy of Christianity. Jesus was an Oriental. He is only to be rightly interpreted by the Oriental mind. This fascinating book comes as a revelation of essential Christianity.—*The Critic.*

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Notes from the Field

Sheffield, Ill.—Union Thanksgiving services were held here this year in the Unitarian Church, the Methodists and Congregationalists and their ministers joining in the meeting, and the Congregationalist clergyman preaching the sermon. This is an advance over last year, when the Unitarians and Congregationalists united in the latter church, but the Methodist minister refused to join with them. Mr. Hewitt and his people were also invited to assist at the dedication of the Congregational church a few Sundays ago and accepted the invitation.

Battle Creek, Mich.—One of the true churches of the West is the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, which some ten or eleven years ago, under the pastorate of Rev. Reed Stuart, came out of its bondage to the Presbyterian creed into the freedom of untrammelled search for righteousness. Since 1888 it has continued its work under the Rev. W. D. Simonds. It is a strong church, and we believe our readers will be interested in its "Service of Consecration," which we give below:

ADMONITION.

DEAR FRIENDS: We are commanded not to lay up treasures on the earth only, but to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

We are taught that the divinest law of life is to love God and our fellowmen; that the Lord requires nothing of us but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly.

We are persuaded that religion is best defined as being a passion for righteousness; that the religious life is not of necessity characterized by the observance of any forms or ceremonies, or by the acceptance of any formal statements of doctrine.

We do not, therefore, understand that by presenting yourselves here to-day you commit yourselves to any fixed intellectual creed, but only to a moral purpose, that purpose being to seek, in the spirit and method of Jesus, to make the world better and happier.

FELLOWSHIP.

Most gladly, dear friends, we welcome you to the fellowship of this church, believing that your aims and ours are one; that in mutual charity and love we shall together seek to promote the cause of truth and righteousness in the world.

And to this end may the kind Father bless our efforts to advance his kingdom and to make free his truth.

Pentwater, Mich.—This pleasant little town by the lake has quite a liberal element, and we learn that Rev. John Snyder, of St. Louis, held services here during his vacation last summer. He preached in the Baptist Church, which has since burned down—a judgment upon them, some of the good brothers may perhaps think. It is expected that a hall will be engaged for the services the coming summer.

Hobart, Ind.—This little town has not had services on Thanksgiving Day for many years, but this year the Unitarian church planned to have a Union Service in their church. They persuaded the stores and saloons to close, and then sent out invitations to all the families in town to join with them, and invited the three orthodox ministers to take part in the service. But one of the ministers immediately started a Union Service in his own church and invited the other two ministers to join with him. The orthodox people had their services, and so did the Unitarian, who put laymen on their program, when the ministers declined; and the latter had their church filled to the doors.

Cleveland, O.—From the monthly bulletin of Unity Church it appears that the young people are particularly

well provided for, there being a Young Ladies' Circle, a Lend a Hand Club and Progress Club for their benefit.

Topeka, Kan.—Under the pastorate of Rev. Abram Wyman the Unitarian church at the above-mentioned place is hopeful and active. Besides the Sunday-school, there are two services on Sundays and some form of activity every Friday night,—a reception, a literary lecture, a musicale, or something of the kind. From the subjects announced in the monthly bulletin it is evident that Mr. Wyman's evening services are intended to enable outsiders to learn what Unitarianism is, while the morning sermons are devoted to the discussion of non-doctrinal topics. Two sermons a week in addition to the duties of an active parish, are much for one who has not a "barrel" to turn to, and we hope that our ardent young ministers who undertake such work will not overdo their strength.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Ty.—From the daily paper of this new city we clip the following note:

Under the energetic pastorate of Rev. C. H. Rogers, the recently organized Unitarian church of this city is making rapid growth in membership and influence. Rev. Rogers is an original thinker and forceful reasoner, which attracts to his church persons who admire a broad, liberal discussion of subjects, theological as well as secular. It is the intention of the Unitarian Society to organize a literary club in connection with the church, a feature of which will be a first-class scientific and literary library, and the brightest minds of the city will be invited into membership and to take part in the discussions which will be a prominent part of the work.

Oakland, Cal.—Christmas was celebrated in Mr. Wendte's Church on Sunday with a very elaborate musical program, rendered by a chorus choir and a Sunday school orchestra of twenty-five instruments in the morning, and by instrumental quartette and the chorus choir in the evening. Mr. Wendte gave an address at one service and read a story at the other.

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Unitarian Sunday School Society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM SINCE THE REFORMATION.—By Rev. F. B. Mott. In cloth binding, 50 cents a copy. \$5.00 a dozen.

HOME TRAVEL THROUGH BIBLE LANDS.—By Rev. J. T. Sunderland. Linen paper covers, 15 cents a copy. \$1.50 a dozen.

CHILDHOOD'S MORNING.—For kindergarten use in Sunday-school and home. By Elizabeth G. Mumford. Price in cloth covers, 50 cts. a copy. In paper covers, 40 cts.

SUNDAY HELPS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.—By Alice C. Dockham and Lucy F. Gerrish. A manual and thirty-eight large, finely illustrated cards in colors. Price of the pamphlet manual, 20 cents per copy; price of the cards per set (38), 25 cents; dozen sets, \$2.50.

LITTLE THOUGHTS MADE LARGER.—By Lizzie C. Estey and Clara K. Daly. Manual and cards with Scripture texts and carefully selected quotations. Price of pamphlet manual, 30 cents per copy; price of cards, First Grade (20 cards), 10 cents; Second Grade (20 cards), 12 cents; Third Grade (20 cards), 15 cents.

LESSONS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.—By Mrs. J. C. Jaynes. Thirty-six finely illustrated four-page leaflets. Price per set, 15 cents.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.—By Revs. W. H. and M. J. Savage. Manual of thirty-eight lessons. Price for single copy, paper covers, 30 cents; per doz., \$3.00.

LESSONS IN RELIGION.—For the older classes. By Rev. Charles A. Allen. Price for single copy in cloth, 35 cents; in paper covers, 25 cents; per dozen in cloth, \$3.50; per dozen in paper covers, \$2.50. The same in leaflet form, four lessons to a leaflet, 3 cents a copy.

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Publisher's Notes

What They Say About the Chorus of Faith.

Rev. W. I. Nichols, Philadelphia: I received last week from a friend a copy of your beautiful "Chorus of Faith." It is a fine thing and I hope will have a wide circulation. The introduction is excellent.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Geneva: Your book is a good one and I foresee that I shall make much use of it in the pulpit; and others will also, I have no doubt. I like your plain statement and purpose.

Miss Josephine C. Locke, Chicago: The "Chorus of Faith" is a jewel—a treasure. You certainly are inspired to say the right things in the right way, right time and right place. Pages 13, 14, 15 of the Introduction take the cake. That description of his reverence Bishop Shibata I shall always bless you for—so graphic, so humorous—just what I felt about him and could not voice.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer: I opened a package that came by to-day's mail, looking to see Dole's pamphlets; when lo, my two copies of the neat and attractive "Chorus of Faith" gleamed upon me. I've been able just only to glance through it; but reviewing it thus, *a la* Sidney Smith, I praise it! This will go where Barrows' bigger book will be kept out by the price, and it will sow good seed.

UNITY'S PREMIUM LIST

Apropos of the Fiftieth Birthday of the senior editor the publishers of UNITY are anxious to co-operate with its readers in making a push for doubling the constituency of UNITY, thus extending the influence of its editor, multiplying the usefulness of the paper, hastening the time when its dream of the Liberal Church of America will be realized,—a church creedless but not thoughtless, based on ethics, and open on all sides and from above to the thought of God and the inspirations of the God-serving, truth-seeking, and high living prophets of all ages.

To this end the undersigned solicits the co-operation of Pastors, Post-Office Workers, Study Classes, Unity Clubs, and all the forces that make for culture and for character everywhere. To this end we desire to secure an agent in every town who will make a thorough canvass in every parish.

In order to secure the co-operation of all of our readers we make the following offer of PREMIUMS, to hold good as long as the supply of stock holds out.

In some cases the stock is limited.

All the Available Publications of Jenkin Lloyd Jones (see advertisement), worth \$3.00, and one new subscription to UNITY.....\$3.00

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Seven Great Teachers of Religion, by Mr. Jones, pamphlets, in neat case, worth 75 cents, and one new subscription.....\$1.25

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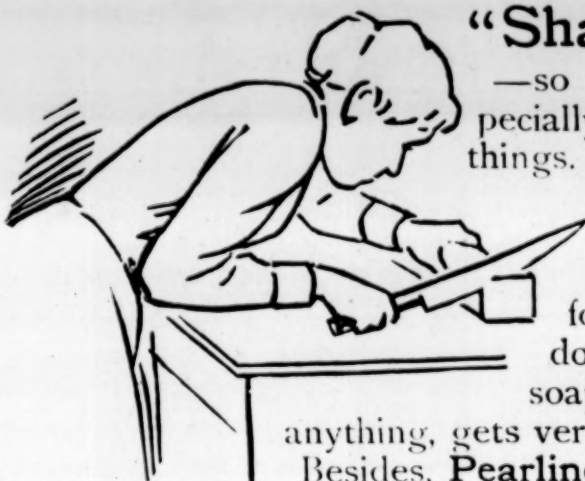
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